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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the most celebrated Persons of his time. Vol. II. 4to. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

THE second volume of this work has just been completed, and will speedily be before the general public: meanwhile, it is our pleasant task to afford a taste of its quality. Having spoken critically of its precursor of similar kind, we are not called upon to repeat our opinions: others have been more favourable to the editor than we were; and therefore, since it may be thought that the quarrels of actors and actresses, managers and writers, of the last generation, yet possess a greater interest than we, in our wisdom, were disposed to believe,—the best thing we can now do, is to observe, that the present volume is in nothing inferior to the first. Indeed, we have discovered such early matter for quotation, that we begin at page 2.

"Is Lord Mansfield gone to Paris to deprecate peace? He is all-sufficient. Junius" has taken the advantage of his absence to give him another stab in the 'Morning Chronicle.'

Our next quotation is a letter of General Burgoyne's; and it affords a striking contrast between the ideas which persons in those days entertained relating to the privilege of free entrance to the theatres, to what prevail in our time, when every penny and two-penny newspaper writer, and every d— farce-con- triver, claims his place (quere places?), or denounces his vengeance. The height to which this has been carried is absolutely ludicrous. The very large houses do not feel it much, for they, alas! have ample verge and scope enough for any intruders; but at the smaller houses the demand is intolerable; and most theatrical folks are in such wholesome dread of the press, that they rarely dare refuse the most unreasonable commands. Some camp sets up a literary concern, which lasts from six weeks to six months, and never circulates out of the circle of its own set—but wo be to the manager who refuses to such wights the *entrée ad libitum*! He shall be unmercifully treated, and all the world—i. e. some hundred and twenty readers—shall know of his misdeeds! We could mention more than one minor theatre where the newspaper press orders alone would fill every seat in the first circle of boxes, and where there are not two tiers. General Burgoyne was more modest.

Lieut.-General Burgoyne to Mr. Garrick.

"Wednesday, Nov. 9th, 1774.

"My dear sir,—Your obliging and most friendly letter was delivered to me yesterday at the moment I was sitting down to dinner with company, or I should have endeavoured on the moment to return my acknowledgments, with a warmth of expression due to that with which

"This notice as to Junius is at variance with the received opinion, which closes the public communications of that writer a year earlier. But Camden, I should think, knew that 'Roman hand' tolerably well. If he be right, it puts an end to the claim of Francis, who was then in India.—Ed."

you have honoured me. In regard to the very signal distinction you propose to me of the freedom of the house, and the manner of presenting it, I hope you will permit me to decline the parade, and at the same time believe me truly sensible of the honour of it. I should feel myself as proud to be seated in Drury Lane by your deliberate judgment of my talents, as ever an old Roman did in acquiring the freedom of his theatre by public services; but you are at present too partial towards me; and, till I appear in my own eyes more worthy, I must request you to bound your kind intentions to an order for admittance occasionally to your green-room, where I promise neither to criticise your men ill-naturedly, nor lead astray your ladies. The having contributed the songs and music, and other reasons alleged for my introduction to your rehearsals, will, I conclude, equally pass with the company for this additional favour, without the necessity of any farther discovery. But as you kindly insist upon my directions, I desire it to be done by a simple order to Johnston, and no gold box, nor silver box—not even a mulberry one: you must give me a reception *Hamlet-like*—I will have no *appurtenances of welcome*. I think I may, without vanity, congratulate you upon the piece having laid hold of the audience last night. A general relish was very discernible. I could not help agreeing with a critic who sat near me, and who expressed himself delighted with the genteel scenes, that the introduction of the lamp-lighters was too coarse to assort with the rest. Suppose three or four of your girls were introduced in the act of weaving cords of flowers, such as the dancers use in the second act. They might fix one end of the cord to the scene, and keep slipping back as they weave the flowers, in the manner the rope-makers do, which would be picturesque. In that case, O'Daub's part might begin with his conversation with the architect; and he might present himself to the girls in some nonsense like the following: 'O'Daub. 'If these pretty maids would pay me with a kiss a-piece, 'faith, I'd paint them all round for nothing at all. Sure they look as bright as a May morning already, and a touch of my brush will make them remembered by those who never saw 'em.' If after this the two additional verses of the song were added, the words would apply, and with Moody's action might have effect. Should you approve this idea, or any one like it, the alteration is so short it might be studied and acted in half an hour; but I submit it to you on the sudden, like many crudities with which I have troubled you. Lord Stanley is come to town, and very earnest to see 'the Maid of the Oaks.' I send to Johnston for a box for Lady Betty to-morrow, that she may do him the honours, and I hope I shall succeed. If you could send me the copy this afternoon, I would return it in time for you to put it into the printer's hands to-morrow afternoon. Believe me, with the truest sense of the value of your friendship, dear sir, your faithful and obedient, &c. &c. J. BURGOYNE."

"This was the unfortunate general, but successful dramatist, Lieut.-General John Burgoyne. The piece alluded to was 'the Maid of the Oaks,' a dramatic entertainment in honour of the present Earl of Darby's marriage with Lady Betty Hamilton, and referring to a *fête champêtre* given at the Oaks in Kent on that occasion."

These rural fêtes, by the way, seem to have been always very attractive and conducive to "marriage in high life," as well as other agreeable connexions. "Boyle Farm" was but a successful repetition of the foregoing; and we marvel that the fashionable world do not bring such entertainments more frequently into fashion.

Our next short letter supplies a happy application of Shakespeare to large theatres:—

"Mr. C. Stevens to Mr. Garrick.

"Hamstead Heath, Dec. 30th, 1774.

"My dear sir,—To one so hurried as you are, short thanks are at present best. Any places you please, except in the back rows of your front boxes—

"Where function
Is smother'd in swags, and nothing is
But what is not."

That your fit of the gout may be as short as my letter, is the sincere wish of your very faithful G. S."

So it is, only in a wider sense and degree, now; nor does there seem to be much difference in the capricious tempers of certain performers. Mrs. Abington was an example of the troublesome. Her correspondence by itself is enough to make any body laugh except a manager, and him it must have made very sick.

"Mrs. Abington to Mr. Garrick.

"Wednesday Morning, 1774.

"Indeed, sir, I could not play *Violante* to-morrow if my happiness in the next world depended upon it; but if you order me, I will look it over, and be perfect as soon as possible. Mrs. Sullen is ready; and I am sure if you are pleased to give yourself a moment's time to reflect upon my general conduct in the theatre, you will see that I ever made my attention to my business, and my duty to you, my sole object and ambition. I am, sir, your most humble servant, F. ABINGTON."

"Mr. Garrick to Mrs. Abington.

"Adelphi, Sept. 30th, 1774.

"Dear madam,—As no business can be done without being explicit, I must desire to know if you choose to perform Mrs. Sullen. The part is reserved for you, and the play must be acted soon: whoever does it with Mr. Smith must do it with me—supposing that I am ever able to be the rake again. We talked a great deal last night, and, I am sorry to say it, without my having the least idea what to do in consequence of it. If 'the Tender Husband' can be done with credit, I shall immediately set to work, and with 'the Hypocrite.' I cannot create better actors than we have, and we must both do our best with them. Could I put you upon the highest comic pinnacle, I

certainly would do it; but indeed, my dear madam, we shall not mount much if your cold counteracting discourse is to pull us back at every step. Don't imagine that the gout makes me peevish—I am talking to you in the greatest good humour; but if we don't do our best with the best we have, it is all fruitless murmuring and inactive repining. Something too much of this. I shall write to the author of the piece to-morrow night, which I read to you. I have yet obeyed but half his commands, as he wrote the character of *Lady Bab* for your ladyship. I must beg of you to speak your thoughts upon that, which after I had read it to you I promised to let him know your sentiments. I could wish, if you say any thing to me of our stage business, you would send it separately from your opinion of 'the Maid of the Oaks' and *Lady Bab*: with your leave, I could wish to enclose what you say of the last to the author. "DAVID GARRICK."

There are some fifty letters of this kind; but we pass to a more singular epistle, giving an account of the death of Mossop.

"Rev. D. Williams to Mr. Garrick."

"Chelsea, Jan. 7th, 1775."

"Sir,—The most unfortunate event that could have befallen me—the loss of an excellent and affectionate wife—has been the occasion of your not hearing from me immediately on Mr. Mossop's death. I had it not in my power to attend him in the first days of his illness. I found him preparing for death with that extraordinary solemnity which accompanied all his important actions. He had gone through the general forms of the church; but I believe only as religious and edifying forms, and unattended with any discourse on the state of his mind. His conversations with me were the most interesting that can well be conceived; and, from the extreme dejection of my own mind, and the high and tragical tone in which he expressed himself, they made a dreadful impression on me. His religion was tinged by the characters he had studied; and many of the attributes of God were the qualities of a Zanga or a Bajazet. Among other things which gave him uneasiness, and made him greatly apprehend the displeasure of that God before whom he was going to appear, his behaviour to you was not the least distressing. He accused himself severely of having attributed motives of conduct to you which he firmly believed you incapable of. He had thought himself neglected by you in his distress, and that you sent him terms which you knew he would not comply with, because you did not wish to see him on the stage. He saw that he had been deceived by an excessive pride; and lamented the injustice he had done you, not only in some pecuniary articles, which he did not thoroughly explain to me, but in giving ill impressions of your character to his acquaintance. The very night in which he died, he renewed this conversation. He often cried out, 'Oh! my dear friend, how mean and little does Mr. Garrick's present behaviour make me appear in your eyes, to whom I have given so different an idea of him! Great God, forgive me! Witness, my dear Williams, that I die, not only in charity with him, but that I honour him as a virtuous and great man. God Almighty bless and prosper him for ever!' I asked if he chose I should make any public use of what he had said, as a kind of satisfaction to Mr. Garrick. He was then much exhausted, and would only say, 'I will leave it to your discretion.' My intention, for some days, was to convey the substance of this letter to you

through the channel of the public papers. But on second thoughts, this method appeared to be the best. Though you may know but little of me, and Mr. Johnston of your theatre was the only person besides who had heard him say things of this nature, I dare say you will not doubt the authenticity of the information. And I think it must give you pleasure, not only as a testimony to your character, which cannot be suspected, but as reflecting some honour on the memory of a man, who, though he was unfortunate and faulty, possessed many great and good qualities. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant, D. WILLIAMS."

From death to life is a common stage-trick—so presto! for another characteristic epistle, recommending an Italian dancer to an engagement.

"Antonio Carara to Mr. Garrick."

"Venice, Feb. 8th, 1775."

"Sir,—I received the favour of yours, and am vastly pleased to find that you have still the same opinion of your faithful Antonio. Nothing could be more flattering to me than your confidence, placed (give me leave to say) *à propos*. I have already found out the woman, and have almost settled the affair. She is not handsome, but young. For her figure, one ought rather to be pleased than otherwise; but her legs are superior to any I ever saw—so rapid they are in their motion: she is *legère*, and very vigorous, and more comic than serious in her way of dancing. In a word, I think her by far superior to Mademoiselle Hidoux in every respect. Had not our countrymen brought on our side of the Alps the notion of your customs and your wealth, we could have things at a very cheap rate—but now *tout est gâté*. Nevertheless, for the salary, I hope to reduce her to three hundred and twenty-five pounds, which I think she really deserves.—consider, that from Venice to London and back again she is absolutely to spend the third part of her salary. With regard to the benefit, though a stranger to your country, she knows that it is customary, and she insists upon it; therefore, if you think proper to give her the benefit and what I have mentioned, I flatter myself you may have her, though her last word yesterday was three hundred and fifty pounds. Observe that she has here, for the Carnival only, one hundred and forty English pounds. Should these propositions be acceptable, you must be so kind as to send me immediately the contract with your signature, in which you must likewise call her *first dancer—conditio sine qua non*: for the other formalities, as usual in all the agreements you make in your theatrical contracts. Could you find any person in London to write this contract in Italian, it would be more pleasing to the girl. Don't lose time, because she goes away towards the latter end of next month, and we have not in Italy her second—depend entirely upon me for this. Her name is Paccini. With regard to the men, we have here at present two very good, but their pretences are superior to those of the lady, who, though in my idea at least equal to them, is still more moderate in her demands, being willing to come to England, where she probably expects some other profits peculiar to her sex. The demand for the dancers is four hundred and fifty pounds, which I think exorbitant. Let me know your intentions about them likewise; but if you have Slingsby, I don't see why you should have two dancers of the same character, as they dance *grotesco and mezzo carattere*. I beg an answer immediately, and the contract with the answer, if you like the proposals."

Our next is a letter of Garrick's own.

"Mr. Garrick to Mr. Fountain."

"Sunday night (no date)."

"I am really so hurried with a double share of business on account of George's dangerous illness and absence from me, that I scarce have time to write this. Why will you vex and fret yourself about the knight and what he says? [Sir John Fielding.] You praise him one day, and blame him the next: you are an honest man, but too warm: you are likewise a very just man, and should recollect that blindness is a great misfortune, and no object of resentment. Converse and talk over your grievances calmly with your wise friend, and avoid altercation with the Bow Street magistrate—it really hurts you. As for the friend or friend you meet upon Westminster Bridge, be assured that it is somebody who has been much obliged to me. Let him publish and publish again, and do you laugh at him and despise him as I do, be he as great or as little a being as he will. I fear none of the scribbling pest. If you can see in any body's hands any promise of my brother's given for me, be assured I will at any time fulfil it; but for the threats of s—s [scoundrels], I have had so many, and yet am beloved by the good and credible, that it is not worth mine or any of my friends' while to listen to their nonsense.—I am, in great haste, yours, most truly, "D. GARRICK."

Our next quotation is from a letter of Stevens', and, with the note, of literary curiosity. "Let me entreat an audience of a minute. I have nine volumes of your old plays. I am not using them at present, but shall want them before the end of the year. Shall they be sent back now, or remain in my custody? I wish you could learn of Capell, if he has ever seen the 'Taming of a Shrew,' 4to, 1607. When he set forth his edition, he had not met with it. It is of some consequence to me to be informed as to this particular. When the 'Taming,' &c. shall have been published, with some others of the same relation to Shakespeare, the original copy shall find its way into a volume which I mean to bind up for your collection. Let me add another query, and release you. I am told that a very extraordinary personage, who is represented to be not a little of a coxcomb, and whose name is A—d—ws, comes often to this place, where he boasts of so strict an intimacy with you, that he spends three days in a week with you,—that he has a dramatic piece which you are to act, &c. &c. What an author so publicly boasts of, a manager is hardly bound to keep as a secret; and therefore, I hope my inquiry may escape the charge of impertinence. You are too well acquainted with nature not to know the utmost value of every character within its circle, and therefore may find a use for that being, which, to less discerning eyes, appears to have been born only to flatter itself, and be the trumpet of its own praises."

To this we add another memorandum of literary interest.

"Memorandum, Garrick to Sir W. Young."

"January 10, 1775."

"I have ventured to produce 'Hamlet,' with

* "Stevens's astonishment, that Garrick should commend to Miles Peter Andrews, is very amusing to us of the present day, who remember his progress. The commentator accuses the manager, as his own Hamlet does Horatio, on the entrance of Orluck—

"Dost know this waterly?"

Stevens himself lived to see this writer of farces in possession of a splendid fortune, and entertaining, at his palace in the Green Park, most of the royal and noble, and all the wealthy parts of the community.—264.

alterations. It was the most imprudent thing I ever did in all my life; but I had sworn I would not leave the stage till I had rescued that noble play from all the rubbish of the fifth act. I have brought it forth without the Grave-digger's trick and the fencing-match. The alteration was received with general approbation, beyond my most warm expectations. I shall play 'Lear' next week, and 'Macbeth' (perhaps) in the old dresses, with new scenes, the week after that, and then exit Roscius. I wrote a farce, called 'The Irish Widow,' in less than a week."

Having, in this sheet, had something to say of the periodical press of our own time, we will here copy a short correspondence, which throws some light upon it in the days of Garrick.

"Mr. H. Kelly to Mr. Garrick.

"Thursday morning, October.

"Dear sir,—On coming home from Drury Lane last night, where I was so highly charmed with your inimitable performance, I wrote a note to Mr. Baldwin, of the *St. James's Chronicle*, requesting a corner for an account of 'The Chances' this evening. Sending this morning for Mr. Baldwin's answer, he wrote me the note enclosed, to which you will see my answer, and by both you may form some certain opinion of Mr. B. I purpose writing an account to-day, and sending it for to-morrow, either to the *Morning Chronicle* or to the *Morning Post*. There is a masquerade, my dear sir, this evening, and I should be much obliged to you if you would give my servant an order for the nun's dress worn by Miss Jenny in the 'Provoked Husband.'

"Mr. Baldwin to Mr. H. Kelly.

"Thursday morning.

"H. Baldwin presents his compliments to Mr. Kelly, and will think himself obliged for a short and candid account of the 'Chances,' under the head of *Theatrical Intelligence*. The want of room obliges him to request it may be short; and he hopes Mr. Kelly will avoid prejudice or gross partiality, though the alteration be the work of a Garrick. H. B. is sorry he was from home when Mr. Kelly's note came to hand.

"Mr. H. Kelly to Mr. Baldwin.

"October.

"Sir,—I did not expect an affront where I proposed a civility. There was no necessity to warn me against gross prejudices against, or gross partiality in favour of, any body. The account I meant to send, I meant should be a candid one, and thought that when I gave Mr. Baldwin's paper a preference to all others, I was at least to be allowed my own manner of writing. I decline, therefore, the honour of a place so condescendingly offered me, and beg Mr. Baldwin will remember, that if I was capable of literary prostitution, there might be still a connexion between him and his humble servant,

HUGH KELLY.

"Mr. H. Kelly to Mr. Garrick.

"Dear Sir,—Infinitely happy have I made two clergymen's families by the two orders. FORGET YOU I never can. What I owe you is engraven on my heart. Foolish I am; but ingratitude is not among the number of my vices. The fact, however, is, that the paper you allude to is not yet published. A torrent of advertisements has prevented it till to-morrow, when I shall send it to you certainly. I am, dear sir, everlastingly yours,

HUGH KELLY.

"In bed. Oh, the curse of bad company!" When Garrick left the stage, he, of course,

received many letters from his friends and admirers: we select two wherewith to close this notice.

"Mr. J. Clutterbuck to Mr. Garrick.

"Jan. 23d, 1776.

"Joy! much joy! to my dear Garrick, for having wound up his bottom so wisely. You have made a retreat as glorious as that of Xenophon. (Baldwin, whom I believe you have seen at the Grove Coffee-house, would have written the Greek name Xenophon; because, as he would tell you, it implies being merry and wise); however, I most heartily congratulate you upon the event, and thank you for authenticating the news so much like a true friend. Only let me caution you during the march to beware of ambuscades; for though I see in the list of purchasers four names, yet such is my blindness, I do not perceive one Monsr. Argent-Comptant, whom I should prefer to all the rest; though, I beg Dr. Ford's pardon, perhaps he is the man, and not knowing him may argue myself unknown. I doubly rejoice, because now you may have time to pursue that inestimable treasure, health, and provide against that worst of evils, *old age*, which I am become thoroughly acquainted with. The vulgar have in many places a notion, that whenever, after the bite of a mad dog, the hydrophobia appears, the unhappy patient, by virtue of an act of parliament, is to be smothered between two feather beds; and if so, methinks it is pity that the act were not extended to paralytic cases, which generally leave the object in such a condition as makes it cruelty to endeavour at a prolongation of his life. But gadso! I forget I am writing a letter of felicitation, and that therefore the Book of Lamentations ought to be kept shut; yet I must on, and tell you that the severe weather hath embarrassed me with a cough of a long continuance, which mars my sleep and blunts my appetite. My dearest Molly, you may be sure, takes the lead of me in suffering, and the frosty weather almost kills her; however, she partakes in your success, and sends her kindest love to both of you."

"Mrs. C. Clive to Mr. Garrick.

"Twickenham, Jan. 23d, 1776.

"Dear sir,—Is it really true, that you have put an end to the glory of Drury Lane theatre? if it is so, let me congratulate my dear Mr. and Mrs. Garrick on their approaching happiness: I know what it will be; you cannot yet have an idea of it; but if you should still be so wicked not to be satisfied with that unbounded, uncommon degree of fame you have received as an actor, and which no other actor ever did receive—nor no other actor ever can receive;—I say, if you should still long to be dipping your fingers in their theatrical pudding (now without plums), you will be no Garrick for the Pivy. In the height of the public admiration for you, when you were never mentioned with any other appellation but the Garrick, the charming man, the fine fellow, the delightful creature, both by men and ladies; when they were admiring every thing you did, and every thing you scribbled, at this very time, I, the Pivy, was a living witness that they did not know, nor could they be sensible, of half your perfections. I have seen you, with your magical hammer in your hand, endeavouring to beat your ideas into the heads of creatures who had none of their own—I have seen you, with lamb-like patience, endeavouring to make them comprehend you; and I have seen you, when that could not be done—I have seen your lamb turned into a lion; by this your

great labour and pains the public was entertained; they thought they all acted very fine—they did not see you pull the wires. There are people now on the stage to whom you gave their consequence; they think themselves very great; now let them go on in their new parts without your leading-strings, and they will soon convince the world what their genius is; I have always said this to every body, even when your horses and mine were in their highest prancing. While I was under your control, I did not say half the fine things I thought of you, because it looked like flattery; and you know your Pivy was always proud; besides, I thought you did not like me then; but now I am sure you do, which makes me send you this letter. What a strange jumble of people they have put in the papers as the purchasers of the patent! I thought I should have died with laughing when I saw a man-midwife amongst them: I suppose they have taken him in to prevent *miscarriages*! I have some opinion of Mr. Sheridan, as I hear every body say he is very sensible; then he has a divine wife, and I loved his mother dearly. Pray give my love to my dear Mrs. Garrick; we all join in that. Your Gemmy is out of his wits with joy and grief; he rejoices at your escape, and cries from wanting to make his own to London; it is dreadful here, but I believe it is much worse there. Pray send me a line to let me know how you do, and how the world goes; for we are rather dull, though my neighbours do pick their way to come and see me. I have since the snow been once out in my carriage; did you not hear me scream?"

In our next we shall repeat our compliments to the work, which has furnished us with these amusing specimens.

The Annual Biography and Obituary. Vol. XVI. 8vo. pp. 476. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

THERE are few occurrences which remind us more forcibly of the incessant ebb of the mighty stream of human life into the ocean of eternity, than the periodical reception and perusal of this work; and we can never close any of its volumes without melancholy conjectures as to the persons, eminent for their genius, learning, or virtue, who in the course of the next twelve-month may become the subjects of its necrological record. If, however, a nascent, as well as an obituary, were annually to appear, and if it were as possible for the editor of the former to anticipate what would be accomplished by those who have just come into the world, as it is for the editor of the latter to relate what has been accomplished by those who have just gone out of the world; although such an exposition might not greatly assuage private sorrow, the immortal public would probably, in most instances, be consoled for its losses, by the contemplation of its acquisitions. It is rare, indeed, that the decease takes place of an individual possessed of qualities so transcendent as to leave little or no expectation that the vacancy caused in society will ever be adequately supplied. Far be from us the wish to depreciate departed merit; but in the long list of distinguished persons, the memoirs of whom fill the volume under our notice—irreparable as in all cases the deprivation of them no doubt is to their immediate connexions and friends, and great, as in most cases it certainly is, to the public, there is but a single name—SIDDONS—which we read with a feeling of utter hopelessness ever to "look upon her like again." So many physical and moral qualifications, so much internal power and external accident, must con-

our in the composition of so glorious a being, that centuries may elapse before the world will be similarly delighted and instructed.

This being our opinion, we are gratified to find that the memoir of Mrs. Siddons (for which the Editor acknowledges his obligation to a literary friend) is the longest and most interesting in the volume. Much of novelty could not reasonably be expected; but that which is known of our great actress is told with perspicuity and elegance; and the occasional criticisms on her various performances indicate refined taste, and a familiar acquaintance with the drama. Among the other remarkable individuals, notices of whom appear in the present volume of the *Annual Biography and Obituary*, are Mackenzie (the author of the *Man of Feeling*), Roscoe, Mr. Thomas Hope, Abernethy, Sir Murray Maxwell, Northcote, Elliston, &c. As a specimen of the work we will quote an able analysis (likewise a contribution) of the posthumous Essay by Mr. Thomas Hope, on the *Origin and Prospects of Man*; passages from which essay we inserted in the *Literary Gazette* at the period of its publication; but the general scope of which, its abstruseness, and the length of time necessary to master its singular and complicated argument, induced us to postpone describing.

"The 'Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man,' published posthumously, is only a preliminary portion of a work much more extensive, which Mr. Hope had long meditated, on beauty; comprising under that term every species of attribute, physical and intellectual, of which the mere passive contemplation affords, through the channel of the senses, the exalted pleasures of which the cause is called beauty. How far this essay will enhance the brilliant reputation of the author of 'Anæstasius,' may be questioned; but no one, whose taste for abstruse disquisition may lead them through the three volumes of which it consists, will deny it to be the production of a mind of more than ordinary talents and acquirements. It is to be regretted, that the difficulties incident to such discussion should be further increased by the adoption of a peculiar style, modelled on a theory which is announced and vindicated in the introduction: in fact, so foreign is it in its structure, as to require continual translation into the English of which the vocabulary consists. The fundamental principle of Mr. Hope's cosmogony is, that all things are generated by time and space:—to these succeed gravitation, centrifugal and centripetal; from which, as the principle of all aggregation and combination, arise the earliest modifications of electricity; namely, those which produce the force of cold, combination, and substance,—cold being the connecting link between mere force and positive substance. Substance, which at first is radiant, consolidates, according to the determining circumstances, into forms gaseous, liquid, and solid. From amorphous matter, by the action of electricity and cold, is produced crystallization, the highest and completest form of substances inorganic. By decompositions brought about by the agency of heat, and other recombinations, we ascend by a scale to substance organic and living, vegetable and animal;—proving, contrary to the accepted belief, that, after the creation of inorganic matter, another distinct creation was necessary, in order to infuse into the former the principles of life; that in the very conditions of more time and space, in the very first act of the creation, were already laid the seeds of its last and highest developments, not only vital, but sensitive and intellectual: and that it was impossible, when the

former arose, the latter should not, in their turn, out of them have arisen. These views, strange as they must appear, are developed in a most elaborate argument, supported by the resources of an imagination highly active, and aided by an extensive reference to authorities both ancient and modern, sacred as well as profane. This is not the place for more than the most rapid summary of a work, to do full justice to which would occupy a space much more considerable than we could, consistently with our general plan, devote to it; but the alleged natural history of man is too singular to be wholly passed over. When, it seems, in the progress of creation, the elements of organised substance, by successive combinations and decompositions, had arrived at a condition suited to the formation of beings, not only vital and sentient, but intellectual, these elements, meeting from opposite points by pressure, gradually accumulated and combined, until they resulted in man! This process going on simultaneously wherever the elements were to be found, it follows, that every part of the world so circumstanced was in a condition to produce its *autochthones*. The genus man thus comprises distinct species, each deriving from its own peculiar parent stock, discriminated one from the other by a comparative scale of excellence, both in physical and in intellectual capacity; the former, if not determining the latter, at least being its unerring index. Between these several races is a boundary, not only distinct and well defined, but impassable: so that a Caffre or a Samoyed could no more, by whatever pains in education or discipline, be elevated to the comprehension of European science, than the dumbest of brutes be trained to the sagacity of the elephant. The cause of these differences Mr. Hope traces to certain circumstances in climate, soil, and situation; and he observes, that it is in those regions where Nature has been more than ordinarily bountiful to the inferior animals, that she has seemed most niggardly to man: for the elements, forestalled and exhausted by the combinations necessary for the formation of the former, were but scantily afforded in their concurrence for the formation of the latter. The country of the orang outang and the elephant is at the same time the birthplace of the most degraded of the human species; and, on a comparison, it may fairly be called in doubt, whether, in that country, the advantage remain with the man or with the brute: the former, it is true, is possessed of faculties of which the other is wholly deprived; but so imperfectly are they developed, as scarcely to be of any value, while he is greatly inferior in those physical qualities and in the senses they enjoy in common. Of the original races, some, both of the highest and of the lowest species, have become extinct. The latter have perished and left no trace; but of the former, the records of ages of the remotest time indicate a people, cultivated in arts and manners, theists in religion; the first and most excellent of creation; whose stature, form, and longevity, attest an immeasurable superiority; and from whose wreck, mixed up with baser matter, was collected and preserved by tradition all that has since formed the basis and nucleus of civilisation. Such were the Bible patriarchs before the flood—such the Titans of mythology—such the Præ-adamites of Arabian fable. Next in order of excellence must be placed the stock anciently inhabiting the country between the Euxine and Caspian, to the south; chiefly known by the colony which, under the name of Pelagians, Hellenes, and Dorians, settled in Greece, and the country along the coast of the

Mediterranean adjacent. These were alike beautiful in form, and exquisite in faculty; by them was carried to rapid perfection all that is in art most rare, and in science most abstruse; and it is according as succeeding generations approach the purity of this race, that they will approximate to an excellence which, deteriorated as they are, they never can hope fully to attain. Pursuing the analogy by which he has, from the simplest elements (elements not yet obvious to the senses, scarcely indeed to the imagination), traced the concatenation to shapeless masses, to crystallised substance, to organisation, to vitality,—till, in the latest and highest link, the diapason closes full in,—Mr. Hope follows the decompositions of this world, to other combinations in a more central and less imperfect sphere, in which they will be absorbed; forming there an entity comprehending all modifications, inanimate and animate, inorganised and organic, vegetable and animal, sentient and intellectual, from the first and simplest to the last and highest, on which it was founded. Such are the speculations of a writer, long holding a distinguished place among the authors of the day, but in a department of literature so distinct from that which occupied his latter years, that few, in perusing them, would recognise the author of those works on art, and above all, of that splendid fiction by which Mr. Hope is chiefly known. In these metaphysical disquisitions there is strong internal evidence of an earnest and sincere pursuit of truth, and of amiable and benevolent feelings, which, however obnoxious Mr. Hope's paradoxes may be, cannot fail to conciliate: and if his reasonings do not convince, they at least afford ingenious views, well followed up; and, to the few, materials for thinking."

The volume contains a letter, which will be read with peculiar interest by military men. It is from Sir George S. Mackenzie, reclaiming for his brother-in-law, the late Lieutenant-Colonel M'Leod, the principal share of the honour of conducting the 78th regiment at the battle of Maida; which honour Sir George states is much too exclusively appropriated to the late Major-General Stewart (Garth), in the memoir of that gallant officer inserted in the last volume of the *Annual Biography and Obituary*. Of him (our old and esteemed friend, David Stewart,) we are inclined to say, that he was not a man to usurp a laurel he had not fairly won; though others might impute to him a merit, which, in the memory of fraternal affection might seem to diminish the lustre justly earned by a brother.

The Invasion. By the Author of "the Collegians," &c. 4 vols. London, 1832. Saunders and Otley.

MUCH of time and talent has been bestowed on these pages, and we fear in vain. An epic, a novel, a treatise on political economy, and an antiquarian essay, are materials that do not assimilate. We will first allow our author to speak for himself, and then say why we think his efforts will not be rewarded by popularity.

"It would be dealing unjustly both by reader and author, to suffer the former to take up these volumes under the idea that he is about to peruse a historical novel. That branch of literature has, within our own day, attained a rank in which, we are sensible, the present performance could not, for an instant, maintain its ground. To the absorbing interest excited by deep passion, dramatic dialogue, and highly wrought narrative, these volumes have not a pretension. Their most ambitious aim is that of presenting a correct picture of the

surface of society in part of England, in Ireland, and in northern Europe, at an obscure period of the history of mankind." He concludes by saying, "Do not, either from indolence or prejudice, decry what has been constructed with care and study; and remember that what is uninteresting to one class of readers, may be useful to another. If it appears to you, that we pause too long on questions of law and government, remember that there are Irish readers who may not regret to find embodied, in a work of imagination, a synopsis of the early constitution, and of the moral history of their native land, and who may regard with an interest more permanent, if not more exciting, than that which addresses itself to the passions, an attempt at tracing, to their remotest origin, some of the influences which have concurred in the formation of the national character."

Unfortunately the great mass of readers will ask for something of interest, and in that the narrative is utterly deficient. Much knowledge is displayed, and little invention; the antiquary has overlaid the author. The general reader should have a dictionary at his side. What can we say to passages like the following? "They were followed by the brebhoun, or lawyer of the sept, a man proficient in all the laws of life and property, megbote, manbote, and fre-dun, thanistry, gavelkind, musterowne, south, assault, bode, garty, ceann, byenge, slanciagh, shragh, and a thousand other details of the ancient code of Inisfail."

"The wild stuit sent its blast over the tranquil waters; the winding adharcaidh civil, a kind of hautboy, awoke the echoes of the shore; the shrill piob-mala, or droneless bagpipe, contributed its monotonous treble; the dudog, the lonloingean, the adharc, the cuisleigh civil, the fideog, the corn-bean, and other instruments of wind music."

We, however, scarcely venture to cavil; for our author in his preface observes, "that from the really well-informed we fear nothing; from the ignorant every thing."

*Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXXIV. The Civil Wars of Ireland.** By W. C. Taylor, Esq., A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin. Vol. II. Edinburgh, 1831. Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

To the first volume of Mr. Taylor's work we gave our qualified commendation in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 774. To the second and concluding volume, which brings down the history of Ireland from the Cromwellian invasion to the union with England, we are inclined to accord higher, although still exceptionable praise. We believe Mr. Taylor to be perfectly sincere in his desire to do justice to all sects and parties; but it is evident to us, that his zeal to display this important qualification in the historian, has run away with his cooler judgment, and has led him to repeat, as historical facts, anecdotes obviously fabricated by one side to throw discredit upon the other. For instance, we readily grant the disgusting cruelties practised in the rebellion of 1798; but the atrocities of a sergeant of the North Cork militia, nicknamed *Tom the Devil*, rather exceed the extent of our belief, especially when Mr. Taylor follows up the relation by informing us that "A tall officer in the same regiment acquired the name of *The Walking Gallows*, from consenting to become, on several occasions, a substitute for a gibbet, when it was deemed necessary, in an inconvenient place, to

inflict the punishment of half-hanging, or even death."

If we were inclined to force a political object from Mr. Taylor's work, it would not be difficult to shew, from a variety of passages and arguments in the volume before us, that the repeal of the union—a question which has been for some time past, and is now, fiercely agitated in Ireland—a prospect "bright with promise," to use Mr. Taylor's concluding words—is strongly, although indirectly and cautiously, advocated. Thus, at page 66, Mr. Taylor says that "the Cromwellian administration may fairly challenge a comparison with the best of those by which it was preceded, and with many of those that followed, so far as the supreme government was concerned;" and yet at page 79 he asserts that "it was a settled maxim, in what may be called the political economy of the day, that Ireland should be systematically depressed, in order to prevent her from becoming a formidable rival of England. Her great natural resources, her fertile soil, her noble rivers, her capacious harbours, were viewed with jealousy and suspicion, as means of securing future independence, and raising her to an eminence that would eclipse the glory of her illustrious rival. The Puritans promised to avert this terrible consummation. They offered, if their ascendancy was secured, to crush the energies of Ireland, to render the bounties of Providence unavailing, to produce wretchedness where God had given plenty, and to spread desolation where nature had created a paradise. The English accepted the offer; and the Cromwellians kept their promise to the letter."

However we may differ from Mr. Taylor in the conclusion which we have just quoted, the view taken by him of the character of the Cromwellian adventurers, and of their settlement in Ireland, is one of the most correct and vivid sketches with which we remember to have met of this important colonisation of the sister island. We regret that it should be disfigured by the Joe Miller's introduced at p. 80; but as Mr. Taylor appears to us to be acquainted with but half of one of these stories, suppose we finish it for him. It will, however, first be necessary to quote this anecdote, intended to illustrate the ignorance of the Cromwellian magistracy.

"A worthy magistrate having occasion to write the word 'usage,' contrived to spell it without using a single letter of the original word; his improved orthography was *yousitch*. When some remarks were made on similar feats, he averred that 'nobody could spell with pens made from the quills of Irish geese!'"

Now, does Mr. Taylor know the name of this worthy, who thus wrote himself down an ass? If not, we can inform him that he was ycleped Isaac Jacob, and was the founder of a respectable Quaker family in the county of Waterford. His name is preserved by the gentleman who had received this *yousitch* at his hand, addressing his reply to *Yzike Yekup*: thus spelling two words without using a single letter of either;—but the story rests upon no better authority than our aforesaid friend, Mr. Joseph Miller, of facetious memory. On the whole, we are so well pleased with Mr. Taylor's performance, that we will no longer play the schoolmaster, but proceed to select a few anecdotes from his pages.

An Irish General.—"Teague O'Regan, the governor of Charlemont, was a brave old veteran in the seventieth year of his age. He was a quaint humorist; his figure seemed moulded by nature in one of her most whimsical moods; and it was his pleasure to render it still more ridiculous by his dress. He was

small and hunch-backed; his features sharp; his gait irregular. He wore a grizzly wig, of formidable dimensions; a white hat, with an immense feather, a scarlet coat, huge jack-boots, and a cloak that might have served a giant. He was fond of riding; and the horse which he selected was scarcely to be matched for viciousness and deformity. Schomberg, who was himself a little eccentric, took an amazing fancy to the character of Teague O'Regan, and offered the garrison the most favourable conditions. O'Regan's answer was characteristic; he simply replied, 'That old knave Schomberg shall not have this castle!' A detachment of 500 men brought O'Regan a very insufficient supply of ammunition and provision, which he feared that they would soon consume if admitted into the garrison; and he therefore directed them to force their way back through the English lines. This they attempted, but were repulsed with loss; and as O'Regan would not admit them into the castle, they were forced to take up their quarters on the counterscarp. The consequences may easily be foreseen; provisions were soon exhausted, and the garrison compelled to capitulate. Schomberg granted the best terms, and, when he met the governor, invited him to dinner. During the repast, an Irish priest of the town entered into an argument with an English dragoon on the difficult subject of 'transubstantiation.' From words the disputants soon came to blows; and a messenger was sent to inform O'Regan of the breach of the capitulation, by the ill treatment of the priest. O'Regan heard the story with great gravity, and coolly replied; 'Served him right; what the deuce business had a priest to begin an argument with a dragoon?'—a jest which had the happy effect of restoring all parties to good humour."

Irish Patriots.—"The first cause of dispute between the leaders of the Irish patriots, was with respect to securing the newly-acquired independence of their legislature. Mr. Flood, and a small but active party, asserted, that the simple repeal of the declaratory acts asserting the supremacy of the British parliament, was insufficient, because the claim of right was not expressly conceded. On the other hand, Mr. Grattan, with an overwhelming majority, contended that, under all the circumstances of the case, the simple repeal was a virtual renunciation of all British legislative and judicial authority over Ireland. The point at issue was, practically, of little moment; but the vigour and virulence with which it was contested raised it into importance. The sarcasms interchanged between the leaders were unequalled in the annals of vituperative eloquence. Flood described his opponent as 'the mendicant patriot who was bought by his country for money, and then sold that country for prompt payment.' Grattan described his antagonist as 'an ominous bird of prey with cadaverous aspect, sepulchral notes and broken beak, meditating to pounce upon his quarry.' He divided his political life into three periods, and said, that 'in the first he was intemperate; in the second corrupt; in the last seditious' and, after a bitter exposure of the whole course of Flood's public career, concluded thus: 'Such has been your conduct, and, at such conduct, every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim. The merchant may say to you, the constitutionalist may say to you, the American may say to you, and I now say to you, and say to your beard, Sir! you are not an honest man!'"

An Irish Mob Riot.—"The fear of a union was a more justifiable cause of tumult, because

* Quare—why, the "*Civil Wars of Ireland*" on the engraved title-page? which, by the way, is adorned with a very pretty view of Trim Castle.

it was manifest that the removal of the parliament would greatly injure the trade of the Dublin shopkeepers. The proceedings of the mob were very characteristic of the humour which distinguishes the Irish. They forced their way into the House of Lords, seated an old woman on the throne, and got up a mock debate on the expediency of introducing pipes and tobacco. They forced the members of both houses whom they met, to swear that they would never consent to a union, nor give a vote against the interests of Ireland. They compelled the chief-justice of the King's Bench to administer this oath to the attorney-general, and laughed heartily at the circumstance of having the first law-officer of the crown duly sworn by one of the king's judges."

By those who wish to gain a general idea of the history of Ireland, Mr. Taylor's volumes may be read with considerable advantage. All occurrences are put in a clear and strong light, and past events are brought vividly before the reader. To the sketchy History of Ireland published by the late Mr. John O'Driscoll, Mr. Taylor is much indebted for his account of the contest between James and William; and he has, in many passages, adopted the identical words and phrases of Mr. O'Driscoll, to the injury of his own style. The account of Sir Teague O'Regan, which we have quoted, is indeed, if our memory does not fail us, very nearly a transcript from O'Driscoll. Now, we do not quarrel with the historian for careful compilation; but why should Mr. Taylor copy O'Driscoll instead of the original picture by Dean Story, which, to our mind, is far more graphic and vigorous, from its quaint style? Notwithstanding our criticisms, however, we are right well pleased with Mr. Taylor's performance, and so "with hearty commendations" we bid him farewell.

Geological Sketches and Glimpses of the Ancient Earth. By Maria Hack. London, 1831. Harvey and Darton.

NEXT to astronomy, the study of the formation of the earth leads to the sublimest conceptions of Omniscience; and of all the sciences of observation, geology is that which gives the most comprehensive and enlightened ideas of the operations of nature, and repays the toil of labour with the richest fruits. The history of civilisation is soon lost in the obscurity of allegory or tradition, but that of the earth can almost be pursued to the period when it issued from chaos; and nothing but the highest intellectual enjoyment can result from even a partial acquaintance with the order, in the midst of confusion, with which the different parts of this great fabric were piled together, and the gradual manner in which continents were separated from land—when flowers and trees first adorned the primeval solitude—when strange forms wandered in the air, and animals more gigantic than any thing of the present day, roamed in sole possession of the first soil. There was a period when the air was probably not fit even for the existence of the smallest plant; and it was vegetation which alone effected that change in the character of the atmosphere which prepared it for the presence of the most simple organised beings, subsequently for creations of a larger size, and finally for man himself. The depths of the sea, compared with the elevation of the loftiest mountains, or the general height of continents, bear an exact relation to one another; and the continental masses of the present day are the depositions of former waters, or have been the basins of ancient seas, as those of the actual ocean is filling up with

the fragments of the present earth. Mountains and mountain-chains have arisen on the surface of the earth, and have given a different elevation and slope to continents, and a different aspect to the surface of the earth; draining it of its waters in one part, or creating a new sea in another. The period of the elevation of these chains has been marked, like the rings of a tree, by the number of beds elevated on their acclivities; and every chain of the same age traverses the globe in a similar direction. The last great deluges caused by the uprising of the mountain chains, carried huge rocky masses into the valleys, or strewn them over the plains below; the larger animals were buried in the gravel, or carried by streams into subterranean caverns; and the age of the megatherium and the mammoth was followed by the period when man began to travel over and fertilise the earth—endowed with foresight and reason, he subjected the brute creation to his own purposes—his tribes multiplied; and the arts and sciences, though with them war, pestilence, and desolation, followed in his train.

Such are a few of the general facts which an instructive and noble science has made us acquainted with; and we really do not know why such important results should not be made known to young people, as well as to the more aged and literary; nor why Maria Hack should not deserve the thanks of the community for having made so extremely popular what has hitherto been too much wrapt up in details, or obscured by the technical language of the schools.

This little work is very prettily got up: the vignette pleases us even in a scientific point of view; for the opposition of the *polypodium* of the ancient coal-beds, with the *nautilus* of the mountain limestone; the *echinus* of the chalk, and the *cerithium* of the tertiary basins, forces the mind to contemplate successive eras in the formation of the earth, as much as Druid circles, amphitheatres, and pyramids, remind us of the former history of its inhabitants. We blame the authoress for diffusiveness; she appears always frightened of wearying her young readers. The philosophy of the science it is prudent to avoid, on account of the great probability of error when the knowledge of the subject is not very extensive; but the numerous and beautiful facts which adorn every part of this science, could not have been too much dwelt upon. We had read the letter from the principal of the Belfast academy to Dr. Drummond, quoted in the appendix; and most heartily do we wish that the study of the natural sciences should be introduced more largely into the present confined system of education. And we would remind those who make presents, that the immediate pleasure afforded by giving a young friend a pretty tale to read, is very different from the gratitude which always remains within us towards the person who first turned our attention to a branch of study, from which we may in after-life reap, not only intellectual benefit, but consolation in adversity. Selfishness alone would dictate—instruct, if you wish to please.

Spain in 1830. By Henry D. Inglis. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Whittaker and Co. SOME months have elapsed since we directed our readers' attention to Mr. Inglis's two volumes, entitled *Spain in 1830*, a production which we then characterised, and are now prepared, from other sources, to avouch for, as being replete with valuable and authentic information on every subject connected with this interesting portion of the Peninsula. The pe-

riod when this work appeared was singularly unfavourable for its due estimation; it was the hour of political frenzy, when nothing but reform filled the heads of men. We at once saw the uselessness of any attempt to divert the tide of public attention from its course, and accordingly reserved the continuance of our remarks for a more propitious time. This would seem to have now arrived; the tragic slaughter of Torijos and his associates is yet fresh and exciting; but however the result may be mourned, it must, to the few acquainted with the real state of opinion in Spain, cause no surprise.

The Peninsula seems ever destined to be the classic ground of Quixotism: happy for her present, more conducive to her future welfare, would it have been, had the freaks of her political errands been as harmless, as amusing, as his the ever-renowned of La Mancha. The cause of rational liberty has manifestly retrograded in Spain, and one of the chief causes has been the intermeddling of foreigners; and to this country, we regret to say, a large portion of the reproach is due. Actuated by a spirit of wild and inconsiderate philanthropy, a class of individuals have sedulously set to work to remodel the political institutions of other nations, according to the proposed changes more in harmony with preconceived theories, than with regard to the actual wants of the parties most concerned. It is to the means which these mistaken but well-intentioned persons have afforded to a host of adventurers, that the progress of liberal principles has been for a time so decidedly checked in Spain. Every paltry irruption from the coast or the frontier has naturally been the signal for renewed proscriptions, and the imposition of closer restraints: the vexations arising from these ill-judged enterprises were alone sufficient to engender that feeling of hostility against more eminent leaders, which is now by all parties openly avowed to men who have no loftier object than the substitution of one tyranny for another. Let our countrymen be disabused, and no longer further such injurious, useless, and, as in the assassination of the governor of Cadiz, criminal attempts; let them wait for the certain but matured progress of principle, announced to them by men of such sterling mould as an Alava or a Llasamarillas; then let them, if they will, join hand and heart in such a glorious work of regeneration. The causes which must keep Spain for yet a long period in her apathy are sufficiently obvious. The wants of her population are few and easily supplied; the clergy enjoy the doubly powerful combination of churchmen and landowners, and are the overseers (and liberal ones) of the poorer classes; the great deficiency of internal communication, and the little union between the principal towns—these, with many others, into which our brief space will not permit us to enter, are clearly developed throughout Mr. Inglis's work. The increasing wretchedness of Spain is on every person's tongue; yet the real truth is, that though for a long time stationary, while her neighbours were advancing in wealth and importance, she has of late made some advances to a better state.* In Biscay, Arragon, and Navarre, agriculture has greatly improved, the export of wheat by her northern outlets from Gijon to St. Sebastian has risen to importance; in Catalonia and elsewhere, numerous manufactures of silk, coarse and fine woollens, cottons,

* The soldiery, particularly the royal guard, are more regularly paid, and better equipped; and wherever these ameliorations have reached, the troops are to be depended upon.

pottery, hats, and paper, have been successfully established; in the Biscays the fabrication of arms and iron ware, though contending against a scarcity of wood for fuel, have not relaxed in activity; in the towns most distinguished for their industry, and in many of the sea-ports, a very marked increase of population has taken place since the census in 1821. We heartily wish this favourable report were capable of further extension, but the intolerance and imbecility of the government, the heavy burdens inflicted on the people, and their universal ignorance, compel us to this brief enumeration; and render Spain, with all her vast internal resources, "poor indeed."

We have been so greatly pleased with the vivid and interesting picture which Mr. Inglis has given us of the royal family and court at Madrid, that we are induced to quote it, especially as it is also politically important, as giving a picture of the men in power.

"There is perhaps no European court about which so little is known as the court of Madrid, nor any European sovereign whose character and habits are so little familiar to us as those of Ferdinand VII. The first time I saw the king was on the day of my arrival in Madrid: he was expected to return from St. Ildefonso, and I mixed with the crowd in the palace-yard about an hour before he appeared. There were several thousand persons present, of all ranks, and his majesty was received with respect, but with no audible demonstrations of welcome. Upon this occasion I was not sufficiently near to observe the countenance and demeanour of the king. The next time I saw his majesty was on the Prado, the Sunday following, when he appeared in his state equipage, followed by the equipages of the two Infantas. The display was regal: his majesty's carriage was worthy of a more powerful monarch; it was drawn by eight handsome horses, elegantly caparisoned, and was followed by the two carriages of Don Carlos and Don Francis, and by that of the Princess of Portugal, each drawn by six horses; and the cavalcade was attended by a numerous party of huzars. There were no other persons than their majesties in the royal carriage. The king was dressed in military uniform, and his royal consort wore a pink French erape hat, and printed muslin gown. When the royal cavalcade passed, the king was received with the usual silent tokens of respect; but when the carriage of the infante Don Carlos appeared, I could distinguish a few *vivas*. The king took scarcely any notice of the obeisances of his subjects; but the queen seemed anxious to conciliate their favour by many sweet smiles and affable bendings of the head. As for Don Carlos, none of the *vivas* were lost upon him: he had a bow and a grim smile for every one. It is said, and I believe with truth, that the king does not like this public competition with his brother for popular favour; but it has long been the invariable custom for all the branches of the royal family of Spain to attend prayers every Sunday evening in the royal chapel in the convent of San Geronimo, and afterwards to drive along the Prado. A few days afterwards I met the king and queen in the Retiro, on foot; they had been viewing the menagerie, and were returning to their carriage. Ferdinand VII. king of Spain, is like a lusty country gentleman, not the meagre figure he appears in Madame Tassaud's exhibition; he is large, almost to the extent of corpulency; his counte-

nance is fat and heavy, but goodnatured, with nothing of *hauteur*, still less of ferocity in it: it betrays, in fact, a total want of character of any kind. The queen is a remarkably pleasing, and, indeed, a remarkably pretty woman; and the charm of affability, which is universally granted to her by those who have had the honour to approach her person, shines conspicuously in her countenance: she looks like twenty-eight years of age, but I believe she is some years younger. The king took little notice of the people who stood by, and who acknowledged the royal presence; but the queen bestowed upon them her usual smiles and curtesies. She was then an object of much interest with the public, for she was expected shortly to give birth to an heir to the Spanish throne; and to this event most thinking persons looked forward, as one that must produce an important influence upon the future condition of Spain. His majesty stepped into the carriage first, leaving the queen to the gallantry of an old general, who was their only attendant. Perhaps this is Spanish court etiquette: but that I may not be the means of fixing upon his majesty the character of an ungallant monarch, I must relate a circumstance that will certainly make amends for this seemingly ungracious act. I happened to be walking one day in the Calle de Alcalá, when the royal carriage drove up to the door of the Cabinet of Natural History, and being close by, I stopped to see the king and queen. The king stepped from the carriage first; he then lifted from the carriage a very large poodle dog, and then the queen followed, whom, contrary no doubt to royal etiquette, his majesty did not hand, but lifted, and placed on the pavement; and then turning to the crowd who surrounded the carriage, he said to them '*Pesa menos el matrimonio*,' which means, Matrimony is a lighter burden than the dog—a very tolerable *jeu d'esprit* to have come from Ferdinand VII. It is a general belief in England, that the King of Spain seldom trusts himself out of his palace; at all events not without a formidable guard: but this idea is quite erroneous; no monarch in Europe is oftener seen without guards than the King of Spain. I could give numerous instances of this, which have fallen under my own observation; but I shall content myself with one. A few days before leaving Madrid, while walking in the Retiro about six in the evening, in one of the most private walks, I observed a lusty gentleman, in blue coat and drab trousers, with one companion, about twenty paces in advance; and, as my pace was rather quicker than theirs, I caught a side look of the lusty gentleman's face: it was the king, accompanied by a new valet, who had just succeeded Meris, who died a week or two before of apoplexy. I had frequently seen the king without guards, but never before at so great a distance from attendants, or in so retired a place; and that I might be quite certain that this was indeed the redoubtable Ferdinand, I followed in place of passing. He walked the whole length of the Retiro, parts of which are more than a mile from any guard or gate; the garden is open to every body; some of the walks are extremely secluded; so that he was the whole of the time entirely in the power of any individual who might have harboured a design against him; and all this struck me the more forcibly, since, upon that very day, it had been announced for the first time in the *Gaceta de Madrid*, that the refugees had passed the frontier; and in the same paper the ordinance had appeared for closing the universities. The king walked like a man who had nothing to fear; and never

once looked behind him, though his companion occasionally did. Before making the circuit of the Retiro, he reached the frequented walks, which were then crowded, and where he was of course recognised, and received as usual. This exposure of himself seemed to me extraordinary, and scarcely to be accounted for: the best of kings have occasionally suffered by their temerity; and surely Ferdinand can have no right to suppose himself without an enemy: his conduct shewed either a very good, or a very hardened conscience. But, in truth, the king has not many enemies; many despise him, but few would injure him. I have heard men of all parties—the warmest Carlists, the most decided liberals, speak of him without reserve; and all speak of him as a man whose greatest fault is want of character—as a man not naturally bad—good tempered—and who might do better were he better advised. An honest adviser, a lover of his monarch, and a lover of his country, Ferdinand has never had the good fortune to possess; but, counselled always by men who desire only to enrich themselves, and to maintain their power, he is constantly led to commit acts both of injustice and despotism, which have earned for him the character of tyrant. A despicable king might often make a respectable private gentleman. That capital failing in the character of an absolute king which may be called want of character—leading him to listen to every tale that is told—is the fruitful source of injustice in every department of the Spanish government. And the same fault that in a king leads to the advancement of knaves and the neglect of deserving men—to robbery of the nation and the ill-serving of the state—would, in a private sphere, only lead to the dismissal of a footman or the change of a fruit-er. I am acquainted with a colonel in the Spanish service who, after serving his country fifteen years, and receiving seventeen wounds, was rewarded with the government of an important fortress; two months after being appointed to this employment he lost it; and a distant connexion of the mistress of one of the ministers was put in his place. The colonel demanded and obtained an audience of the king, shewed his wounds, and asked what crime he had committed: the king said he must inquire of Salmon, who had told something to his disadvantage; and this was all the satisfaction he ever obtained. This man, a brave officer and a loyal subject, was converted into a disaffected person; and yet even he, although then leagued with the Carlists, spoke of the king as a man who would act better if he were better advised: 'Leave him,' said he, 'the name of king; let him perceive no difference in the externals of royalty, leave him his secretaries and valets, give him his segar, and let him have his wife's apartments at hand; and he would consent to any change that might be proposed to him by an honest and able minister.' A bad education has produced its worst effects upon a naturally irresolute and rather weak mind. Ferdinand was badly brought up by his mother; at an early age he was shamefully kidnapped by Napoleon, and long kept a prisoner, where he could learn nothing of the art of good government. He afterwards fell into the hands of a bigot, his late wife; and constantly assured by those around him of the precariousness of his throne, with the liberals on one side, and the apostolics on the other, he has felt the impossibility of acting for himself, and has confided all to those who have undertaken to keep the state vessel afloat."

We are quite sorry to be obliged, as we are,

* A recent act of Spanish short-sightedness is the imposition of a tax upon certain exports, to defray the expense of a new theatre, now erecting at Madrid under the personal superintendence of the monarch.

to break off in the midst of this extract: our continuation, however, must wait till next Saturday.

Paris, ou le Livre des Cent-et-un. Tomes I. II. L'advocat, Paris; Dulau and Co. London. 1832.

THIS is one of those undertakings which do honour to all the parties concerned. If the liberality and spirit with which L'advocat conducted his literary enterprises have not met with success, they have at least met with gratitude. The two first battalions of the hundred and one authors who have marched forward to his assistance are now before us. We must confess we think higher of the will than we do of the deed: there are some amusing sketches of Parisian life, but the majority are rather declamatory and very heavy: we look in vain for the brilliant wit once so characteristic of the French essayists, and think its place ill supplied by elaborate affectation of deep feeling and profound thought. *The Cabriolet-Driver*, by Alexander Dumas, is the very best, and, both for pathos and effect, a very beautifully told story; though we think the dénouement will take most English readers by surprise. One of the pleasantest sketches is that by Mad. D'Abrantes, of her fellow-residents and visitors at the Abbaye aux Bois, a celebrated French convent: among the prettiest of her portraits is Madlle. Delphine Gay, now Mde. Emile de Girardin. *Une Fête aux Environs de Paris*, by Paul de Kock, is amusing but coarse. As a whole, the work does not give us a very high idea of the present tone of French literature. Grossness, exaggeration, and a vein of vulgar scoffing, contaminate while they characterise: their passion is sensuality, and their sentiment silliness. One great merit of these volumes is, that from their contents a very shrewd guess may be formed of the state of Parisian society, *nous autres sceptiques* and all. We cannot but take this opportunity of acknowledging the promptness with which the library of Messrs. Dulau is supplied with the new French works; we could wish to point public attention to this, as we fear our neighbours know much more of our literature than we do of theirs. This work should have been noticed before; but our columns have been so crowded with new works, that foreign novelties have per force stood over.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Paris and its Historical Scenes, Vol. II. Knight. This volume is devoted to "La grande Semaine"—the revolution of July 1830; and is illustrated by engravings of the tumults, &c. of that sanguinary struggle. For a history of political events so near the period in which it is written, it seems to be carefully compiled and well put together.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. XXVI. Useful Arts; Porcelain and Glass Manufacture. London, 1832. Longman and Co.; Taylor.

THE processes by which many of the useful arts are carried to the perfection in which we see them, are sufficiently interesting and instructive to merit detail and preservation in volumes like the present; but few of them are more curious and entertaining than the art of making porcelain and glass. Articles ever before us, and constantly employed in so many ways, from the most striking experiments of science to the most common conveniences of life, are here investigated and explained; and

their materials, their preparation, their improvements, their completion, their various properties, their histories, clearly related. We are aware of the difficulty of conveying accurate ideas of these matters, without actually witnessing their manufacture; but the author has done all that could be done for his subject, and thus produced a very satisfactory work.

Principles of Geology, &c. By Charles Lyell, Esq. F.R.S., Professor of Geology to the King's College, London. Vol. II. London, 1831. Murray.

WE have received the second, though not the concluding, volume of Professor Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, and it appears, from a hasty glance, to be, like the former one, a monument of scientific industry. It is entirely devoted to the continuation of a subject which the author certainly illustrates with great felicity,—the formations which are actually going on upon the surface of the earth; and this leads him to treat widely of the distribution of the organic world, and of the influence of organic life in these formations. We defer until next number giving our opinion upon the subject: in the mean time we have said enough to recommend it to general perusal.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

J. E. BICHENO, Esq. in the chair. Mr. Vigors read the usual reports, which shewed that there was a balance in favour of the Society, on the receipts of December, to the extent of 562*l.*: during that month nearly 4,000 persons visited the Society's gardens and museum. Most of the animals which belonged to the crown, in the Tower collection, presented by the King, had been removed to the Society's menagerie; the duplicates and animals not required by the Society were presented to the Dublin Zoological Society; an act which gives great satisfaction to the members of the English Institution. In reference to the motion of Mr. Sergeant Andrews,—that a certain sum be set apart for the building of a suitable museum,—the chairman stated, that the learned sergeant's object was already fully answered, the council setting apart five per cent upon the Society's receipts for the erection of a museum. The learned sergeant not having attended to prefer his motion, it was understood that he considered it as superseded by the pre-existing powers vested in the council. A considerable number of candidates were elected into the Society, and auditors chosen.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JANUARY 4th.—R. I. Murchison, Esq. President, in the chair. Mr. Hutton's paper on the stratiform basalt, associated with the carboniferous formation of the North of England, begun at the meeting held on the 14th of December, was concluded.

Donations were received from the Royal Astronomical Society, Mr. Lyell, M. De la Beche, Mr. Majendie, Mr. Goodhall, Mrs. Phillips, Mr. J. Taylor, jun., Mr. Murchison, and M. Alex. Brongniart.

IMPROVEMENT IN CANDLES.

WE were this last Saturday brilliantly enabled, especially under the circumstances of the case, to see the old year out and the new one in—thanks to the present of a certain number of candles, made upon an improved principle, and submitted to us for a trial of their superior qualities. But though we have begun this

notice facetiously, we must seriously perform our agreeable task of reporting most favourably upon this great and manifest improvement in the manufacture of an article of so much consequence to domestic economy. We are given to understand that the philosophical as well as practical individual whose experiments have led him to secure this discovery by patent, has long been engaged in endeavouring to form candles in such a manner, and of such a composition as would free them from inconveniences familiar to us all, and cause them to burn brightly and equally without waste or trouble. And he has at length succeeded; but we ought, previous to stating how, perhaps, preface our remarks with a brief history of candle-making.

It has been (we are assured) a great desideratum in the manufacture of wax candles to find out some method of moulding them, as is practised in the manufacture of spermaceti and tallow candles; but hitherto all attempts have failed. In the former, suspended from a hook, is the wick, along which the operator pours some melted wax: he performs the same process on other wicks; and by the time the wax is sufficiently cooled he takes them by half dozens, and laying them parallel to each other on a slab, he with a flat board rolls them about till they assume a cylindrical appearance. They are then again placed on the hooks, and the process repeated till the candles attain the size required, when they are rolled for the last time, and the maker cuts them even at the lower end. His next work is to measure them with a rule, and, with a board levelled at one edge, to round them at the point, so as to give them the tip at which they are to be lighted. It will readily be seen that this method is not only tedious, but so irregular that the most expert maker cannot produce two candles exactly alike; and farther, that in consequence of the numerous concentric layers of which they are composed, they can neither be so handsome, so transparent, nor so solid, as candles from a mould.

Another obvious desideratum in making candles was to be able so to construct them as that the external part might consist of an ingredient, wax or composition, requiring a higher temperature to melt it, than the material forming the innermost part or body of the candle. This being effected, a very admirable and economical candle would be produced, combining the great advantages of an exterior pleasing to the eye, of durability, and the essential property of never running over or guttering. And in this the patentee of these improved candles declares he has succeeded: which, from the proofs afforded us, we are of opinion he has. In fact, we marked and tried his specimens against other candles purchased in the best shops in town, and were perfectly satisfied of the superiority of the former. These specimens were either entirely of wax, moulded, or of another kind coated with a composition. The latter consist of a wax exterior, enclosing as it were an inner part of some stearin and spermaceti in about equal proportions, and the outward wall requiring some fifty degrees of greater heat to melt it simultaneously.

We fairly tried both as we have stated, and the result was, that while the wax were infinitely more solid, symmetrical, and lasting, than the purchased candles of the same size made in the old way by rolling, their composition rivals burnt as steadily and well. It seemed to us, however, that the latter, particularly from the abundance of the floating supply to the wick, could not be moved about without much dan-

ger of a spermaceti sprinkling, still worse than the usual liberal allowance from wax lights in transitu. The wax were beautiful; and from the diminution of manual labour in making, are, we believe, considerably cheaper.

We had no means of ascertaining the different intensity of the light; but as far as could be judged by the eye, the new had little to fear from competition with the old.

It has always been a gratification to the *Literary Gazette* to make every useful invention known to the public; and it is not lessened on this occasion, when we have to speak of an improvement by which we hope to see to write a great deal better for many years to come. These candles have not yet been produced for sale.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

LIFE OF JACK MITFORD!!! THE PERIODICAL PRESS!!!

WE were last week tempted by something of an *esprit du corps* (though, certes, without feeling much admiration for the fraternity), to extend our customary New Year's Address, by a few remarks on the degraded state of a considerable portion of the periodical press, and a few words of advice to its presiding priests and their associates. We therein generally indicated the sort of persons who have set themselves forward as oracles of the public; and, if we may judge from sundry anonymous letters we have since received, our cap has been one of extraordinary and capacious fitness. One worthy gentleman, residing, as appears from the date of his epistle, in Hanover-square, but who has taken the trouble to send his valet (perhaps?) all the way to Fleet Street to pop his letter into the more congenial twopenny post-office of that refined quarter, for Wellington Street, which he must have passed on his way, advises us to publish the names of the offenders, and kindly supplies us with five for that purpose. Now, though this is signed *Amicus*, we beg to decline the proposal: we point our reprobation at a system, and we are not inclined to be the executioners of individual delinquents, however much they provoke exposure and punishment, and however useful to the world of letters that infliction might be. Other very kind friends give us equally judicious advice; but we are rather too old in the Editor's chair, and have been too successful upon our own good old plan, to adopt their well-meant suggestions! We would only hint, that the naughty little boys who wish so much for a whipping in the *Literary Gazette* cannot have their aspirations for making a noise in their day and generation gratified through that means. It has cost us fifteen years of toil and struggle to reach our station, and spread our influence to the most remote parts; and it seems unreasonable that every little imitator should expect to accomplish as much during its ephemeral career. It is enough for us to see them rise and fall, boast and burst; without interfering to hasten the inevitable explosion, or aggravate the coming darkness of utter extinction. When they are gone, we remember them with a sigh, most Christianly forgiving their abuse of us their great prototype and parent, (for that abuse is an ingredient which has belonged invariably to them all); and we mournfully exclaim, ye Registers, ye Chronicles, ye Journals, ye Sphynxes, ye Beacons, ye *et-ceteras*, sleep in peace, if conscious of aught, consoled by this, that from your ashes will spring successors worthy of you, and in them live for a while your wonted fires.

But we are allowing ourselves to be diverted from the main object of this paper; which was to invite attention to a remarkable illustration of the opinions offered in our last, touching the probable amazement of the enlightened readers of periodicals, if they were made aware of the personal rank, weight, and intelligence of the *P's* so often couched under the omnipotent *We's*, who direct their judgment, and teach them to tread the pure paths of truth, and the broad highways of independence. This accidental enforcement of our view is to be found in the *Morning Herald** of Monday, and is entitled the

"Death of Jack Mitford;"

the particulars of which event are related with the usual partiality of biography, as follow:—

"Last week, in St. Gill's workhouse, expired the notorious Jack Mitford, perhaps the most eccentric character of his day. He was originally in the navy, and fought under Hood and Nelson; he was born at Mitford Castle, Northumberland, and the authoress of *Rienet*, and the author of the *History of Greece*, were his cousins; he was also nearly related to Lord Redesdale. His name will long be remembered in connexion with Lady Percival, in the Blackenth affair, for his share in which he was tried, but acquitted. For many years Mitford has lived by chance, and slept three nights in the week in the open air, when his finances did not admit of his paying three-pence for a den in St. Giles's. Though formerly a nautical fop, for the last fourteen years he was rugged and loathsome; he never thought but of the necessities of the moment. Having had a handsome pair of Wellington boots given to him, he sold them for one shilling. The fellow who bought them went and put them in pawn for 15s., and came back in triumph with the money. 'Ah,' said Jack, 'but you went out in the cold for it.' He was the author of *Johnny Newcome in the Navy*, the publisher of which gave him a shilling a-day until he finished it. Incredible as it may appear, he lived the whole of this time in Bayswater fields, making a bed at night of grass and nettles; two-pennyworth of bread and cheese and an onion were his daily food; the rest of the shilling he expended in gin. He thus passed forty-three days, washing his shirt and stockings himself in a pond, when he required clean linen. He formerly edited the *Scourge* and *Bon Ton Magazine*. He was latterly employed by publishers of a certain description. A hundred efforts have been made to reclaim him, but without avail. A Mr. Elliott, a printer and publisher, took him into his house, and endeavoured to render him 'decent.' For a few days he was sober; and a relative having sent him some clothes, he made a respectable appearance; but he soon degenerated into his former habits; and, whilst editing a periodical called the *Bon Ton Gazette*, Mr. E. was obliged to keep him in a place half-kitchen, half-cellar, where with a loose grate tolerably filled, a candle, and a bottle of gin, he passed his days, and, with the covering of an old carpet, his nights, never issuing from his lair but when the bottle was empty. Sometimes he got furious with his drink, and his shoes have been taken from him to prevent his migrating; he would then run out without them, and has taken his coat off in winter and sold it for half a pint of gin. At the time of his death he was editing a penny production, called the *Quizzical Gazette*. He wrote the popular modern song, 'The King is a true British sailor,' and sold it to seven different publishers. Notwithstanding his habits, he was employed by some religious publishers. This miserable man was buried by Mr. Green, of Will's coffee-house, Lincoln's Inn Fields, who had formerly been his shipmate. He has left a wife and family, but they were provided for by Lord R.—. Jack Mitford was a respectable classic, and a man of varied attainments; yet for 14 years 'he had not where to lay his head'; and he has been heard to say, 'if his soul was placed on one table, and a bottle of gin on another, he would sell the former to taste the latter.'"

Such is the biography of Jack Mitford; compared with many of his contemporary writers in the periodical press, a rather favourable type of the caste. He had a respectable education, was well connected, had seen a good deal of life, and it was only during the last fourteen years of his being that he took to gin and literature, vagabondising and contributing, nettle-beds and editing together. During this period it seems he was the editor of several journals and magazines; and from his lair dictated to the public taste in literature, the arts, and sciences, and even in fashion—*Bon Ton!* We knew something of Jack, for he once wrote

* Of this newspaper we will stop to say, that though we differ from it in several of its commercial and other doctrines, we greatly admire its continued exertions in the cause of humanity and the amelioration of society; as well as its moderate and independent politics.—*Ed. L. G.*

a paper in the *Literary Gazette*, A.D. 1827, No. 531. It was a memoir of, as he said, his near relative William Mitford, the Greek historian; and though his MS. was suspiciously redolent of the pot-house and tobacco, we were induced to pay its price and insert it. The consequence is to be seen in our No. 533, where a statement from the true representative of the deceased author contradicts nearly every fact of our voracious informant; and a note of our own dismisses the case. Not so the writer: he had got his footing and his guinea or two (jollity for three nights!), and many an effort did he afterwards make to obtain admission to our columns. And we notice this merely to afford a sample of the system: we, of course, were not to be hoaxed by the same hand again; but it has often amused us to read in some of our most braggart imitators, the papers we had returned to our correspondent Mr. Mitford; and there is hardly a week that passes in which we have not similar instances of pretension and folly blazoned upon articles we have rejected for partiality or falsehood. This in some measure accounts for the virulence with which we are so continually assailed: the "Pariahs of the Press," as the author of the *Tauropolis** so aptly designates them, naturally make common cause with those who acknowledge them, and war, to the knife, on those by whom they are rejected. Else, whence the gin and the tobacco, the cheese, the onions, and the beer, of these wretched creatures? Oh, what pity it is, that the profligacy joined to their destitution should render them unfit objects for charity, and prevent them from obtaining a livelihood by honest means!

In laying bare these deformities, we are the last to impugn the honourable efforts of the press: we would only rescue the slightest portion of its influence from "Blackguard"† hands. The press is too powerful to admit of its force being safely wielded by the unprincipled and unworthy; and every sentence with which they poison the public mind is a stain upon the whole, tends to throw doubt on those who do their duty conscientiously, and to impair the beneficial effect of the free and honourable exercise of a trust vitally important to society in every ramification, and to the dearest interests of the country at large.

We could, and probably we will, pursue this exposition; but as much of our examples and reasoning must of necessity be drawn from our own experience, and therefore assume somewhat of the appearance of self-praise, we shall for this week conclude, wishing readers in general guides more to be depended upon than the late Jack Mitford, and not a few of his surviving compeers.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

JANUARY 4.—A memoir was read, on the unknown characters engraved on the rocks at Gebel el Mokattib, in the vicinity of Mount Sinai; in a letter addressed to the Secretary by John Belfour, Esq.

These singular and mysterious records, though not hitherto published, have long been a subject of curiosity and conjecture. The best account published of their situation and general appearance is to be found in the journal of a certain "Prefetto of Egypt," from Cairo to Mount Sinai and back again, published in the year 1772, by Robert, late Bishop of Clogher. Accurate copies of many of them were brought home, on their return from the East, by Lord

* Vide *Tauropolis*, p. 26.

† This term has given offence, we are told, to sundry of our contemporaries; but what other name can be applied to their publications?

Prudhoe and Major Felix: these, so far as we know, have not yet been made public; but a very numerous collection, previously made by the Rev. G. F. Grey, have been lithographed for the Royal Society of Literature, and will immediately appear in the next volume of its Transactions. Mr. Belfour's attempts to illustrate the inscriptions were founded upon a comparison of both these authorities.

1. The first object of the discussion was, to ascertain with what ancient language the inscriptions may be associated. The result of the inquiry on this point shewed that these remarkable vestiges of antiquity are, as the Bishop of Clogher conjectured, for the most part, in the primitive Hebrew character,—that which the Talmudists call Cuthen, or ancient Samaritan; but blended with a mixture of the Chaldee, or present Hebrew character, used by the Jews since the Babylonian captivity; with Greek, &c.

2. In his second subject of inquiry, viz. the nature and probable import of these ancient monuments, Mr. Belfour confined his remarks to the exposition of those characters which appear the most prominently and frequently.

Most of the inscriptions begin with a monogram composed of three letters, usually connected, answering to the Hebrew characters אהא. This symbol, or *abbreviatura*, is uniformly followed by four other characters, decidedly Cuthen or ancient Samaritan, which correspond to the letters טראם. Regarding these characters as a kind of key to the whole, Mr. B. endeavoured to find an appropriate meaning by applying to them the several rules of interpretation adopted in the Jewish Cabala. Reflecting, further, on the sanctity of the mountains Sinai and Horeb, together with the holy exordium peculiar to the Orientalists in their writings, he found that the above-mentioned monogram (interpreted in conformity with the Cabalistic rule, which consists, 1st, in taking each particular letter of a word for an entire diction; 2dly, in forming one entire diction out of the initial of many,) may be with propriety interpreted—אורי יי מבורך, *Be the Lord blessed!* or some similar sentence of adoration of the Supreme Being; and that the Samaritan letters which constantly accompany it, (taking again each particular letter for an entire diction,) may read—אורי יי מבורך, *The good, the merciful high God;* or words correspondently expressive of the attributes of the great Jehovah.

That this principle of interpretation is tenable, as applied to the inscriptions, was shewn by applying it in the analysis of several of them. It is, however, but of partial application; for even if proved just with regard to the majority of the characters, it still leaves a great variety of anomalies to be accounted for. As tending to the solution of these, it was observed, that the Hebrew and all its dialects, that is to say, the Samaritan, Syriac, Chaldee, Arabic, and perhaps the Phœnician, may be regarded as the same language; as such, therefore, in ancient times, the letters of the various alphabets, formed from one primitive character, might have been promiscuously used; at least, some combinations of the sort might have been admitted by general agreement; and it is only upon this ground that the characters belonging to different languages, observable in the same inscription, are reconcilable to any philological rule. The demotic writing of the Egyptians offers an example strongly in favour of such an hypothesis.

A part of Mr. Belfour's memoir having been reserved for reading at the next meeting, we must here interrupt our report of its contents;

upon resuming it, we shall present our readers with some specimens of these curious inscriptions.

An extract was likewise read from a letter written by Mr. Millingen, relative to a further discovery of antiquities at Selinunte, noticed as existing there by Mr. Angell and Mr. Harris in 1824. Five metopes entire, and others in fragments, have been brought to light. They are not of the same rude style as those found by Angell, but of a good time. The subjects are, Apollo and Daphne, Minerva combating a warrior, Actæon devoured by his dogs, Hercules and Antiope, Jupiter and Semele. It is singular, that the heads, the hands, and the feet of the female figures, in these sculptures, are of marble, while all the other parts of the work are of stone.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages, particularly of the Nineteenth Century. By William Jerdan, Esq. Part XXXIII. Fisher, Son, and Co. Sir Thomas Plumer; the Right Hon. Warren Hastings; the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville. "Our present number," observes the author, "comprises three distinguished individuals, whose public lives were linked together, and between two of whom exists a remarkable coincidence. Both Lord Melville and Warren Hastings were men of distinguished abilities; both placed in most responsible situations; both subjected to impeachment, which in each case was begun and conducted in much party spirit and bitterness: Mr. Plumer conducted the defence of both; and both were favourably acquitted."

The memoir of Sir Thomas Plumer presents a pleasing picture of the success of talent, industry, and worth; that of Mr. Warren Hastings a painful one of the unjust treatment of an eminent public servant. To the northern part of the empire the memoir of a man to whom Scotland is so much indebted as she is to the late Lord Melville, must be peculiarly interesting. The last mentioned contains, among other matters, the following "curious fact connected with the history of the times; one of those small facts on which great ones turn;" and which we believe to be as original as it is curious.

"It had been proposed that the impeachment of Melville should be followed by that of Pitt; but when some members of the opposition went to Fox, they found him singularly lukewarm, and, indeed, he threw cold water on the whole proceeding, alleging the extremely vindictive appearance which would be incurred by such a proceeding. The wheel within the wheel was this: Fox's marriage with Mrs. Armitage had taken place under circumstances which had prevented her being much visited. The Duchess of Gordon, and one of her daughters, having obtained a knowledge of what was in agitation, forthwith visited Mrs. Fox, used every art of conciliation, drove with her in an open carriage, and invited her to the Duchess's house, where she was received with all possible attention. The bait took; and his wife's influence effectually modified the vehemence of the patriot."

We cannot refrain from remarking, that Mr. Robinson, in his engraving from a portrait of Sir Thomas Plumer by Sir Thomas Lawrence, has excelled even his former excellence.

Anecdotes of William Hogarth. Part II. J. B. Nichols and Son.

If it were only that this little publication had given us the means of re-perusing Mr. Charles Lamb's admirable *Essay on the Genius and Character of Hogarth*, we should be grateful to it. It has been most justly observed: "Lamb has penetrated further [than Walpole] into the genius of Hogarth; he has analysed in the most masterly manner his powers of imagination and invention, and has brought to his subject a mind that completely grasped it. From him we learn that Hogarth was a truly philosophical artist, not a mere putter-together of figures to compose amusing pictures; for he has shewn that his works are replete with profound study and vigorous intellect, and that, for the quality of thought, they will bear a comparison with those of the greatest masters." The present part also contains a reprint of the able and elaborate Essay which was originally written for the large edition of the *Genuine Works of Hogarth*, after the plates had been repaired by Mr. Heath; and of critical remarks by Mr. Phillips, Mr. Payne Knight, Mr. Britton, and Mr. Allan Cunningham.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CLUB LAW. To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—I was greatly surprised at reading in the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday, December 24, a new, but greatly deteriorated, version of a song which I wrote ten years ago, "on the exhibition of a mermaid at the west end of the town," and which song was partly suggested by an opinion given in the *Literary Gazette* in 1823, respecting the composition of that "frightful monster, which the world ne'er saw" till that year. The song in question was given to a professional gentleman, and sung by him, in 1822, at his annual concert.

How such a mutilated and spurious copy found its way into your journal, I am utterly at a loss to divine. However, somehow and somewhere, somebody must have heard it, and sometime since have written it, somewhat from memory, and somewhat from imagination, as some parts are tolerably faithful transcripts of the original, while others are "weak inventions."

My surprise at seeing this transformed and deformed offspring of my muse in the *Literary Gazette*, would have been great indeed, had you not stated that you insert some things on account of their goodness, and some on account of their badness. The latter reason sufficiently accounts for its admission; for if the original be comparatively good, the copy is positively bad; if the original be bad, the copy is worse, so much worse, that the copyist could not possibly make it (to use a vulgarism) *worse*.

Now, sir, you may, perhaps, in turn, be surprised that you should have had sent to you a spurious copy of a song which has been two years in print. But though it has been printed, it can scarcely be said to have been published, as only twenty copies were struck off, and those solely for the use of the subscribers. Here, sir, it may not be improper for me to inform you that I am a member of a small society, holding its meetings on Saturday evenings, for social converse, &c. To this society some of its members have occasionally sent literary trifles, as songs, epigrams, short essays, &c. some of which were thought worth preserving; and a subscription was entered into for printing twenty copies, at any convenient periods. In one of these numbers I was re-

quested to allow my *old song* of the *Mermaid* to be printed, together with another song of the same punning, or if you please, puny character, which I had then recently written, and which of course is not known out of our little society. This number I have enclosed, that you may see how much injustice is done to the song and its author by the spurious copy inserted in your journal, and which has been copied into the *London Spy*.

Under these circumstances, it would be but justice to me, were you to insert the original. I am, &c.

THOMAS TUCKER.

29, Dulce Street,
Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"The Mermaid."

I sing of a maiden of ancient renown,
Not long since much talked of in country and town;
She has—to surprise you I think it can't fall—
A great monkey's head and a large fish's tail.
As the tail's the *flag end* of a fish, said a wag,
The tail of a fish must make her a *fish-fag*;
All billing and cooing with one I should hate,
Who is fit for no billing except *Billingsgate*.

Toi do rol, &c.

To see this strange maiden was every one's wish,
Although she was not a *very cold fish*;
She's not much like Venus most people agree,
Yet, like Venus of old, she arose from the sea.
To other fair maids this sea-faring divinity,
With plenty of *fine*, has but little affinity,
For she'd some wine *cousts* to *cousts* with a *coust*,
Finding *gay* life where they'd find a *coustery grave*.

Toi do rol, &c.

Of this very odd maiden they tell these odd tales,
That ere she saw *Britain* she'd often seen *whales*;
And though *half seas over*, she ne'er had a wish
For *drinking too much*, yet she drinks like a *fish*.
And what you will think a proof of her merits,
This maiden could never endure to *touch spirits*;
But though it is true that from *spirits* she'd flee,
She has *lain* very oft with *sole* in the Red Sea.

Toi do rol, &c.

Without a side-saddle she rode a sea-horse,
But she could not, like maids of the east, sit across;
But what seems more strange, and indeed quite romantic,
Though she can't cross a horse she could cross the Atlantic.
She has not one *either* can *exit* her, 'tis said,
Yet this maid does not *emerge*, although a *Mermaid*;
She no doubt weighs their merits, and finds that each fails,
She can weigh them, because she has plenty of *seins*.

Toi do rol, &c.

They say she's a heiress, some great Triton's daughter,
Without one foot of land, rich in oceans of water;
And at her two guardians, because she can't rail,
She turns up her nose—ay, and turns up her tail.
One guardian, 'twas said, would away with her run—
At her running some people would say 'that's all fun,'
He surely did not mean to make her his bride—
Her *flesh* of his *flesh*, would be *flesh* *fleshified*.

Toi do rol, &c.

Tother guardian applied to the Chancery Lord,
And he made this *fish girl* a Chancery ward;
But when to this state his Lordship had brought her,
She looked very much like a *fish* out of water.
Now since with this maiden they've done what they will,
Who knows but they'll send her to Brixton Tread-Mill;
The wonder would then be, I think, most complete,
To see this maid *treading* without *legs* or *feet*.

Toi do rol, &c.

Having, by the foregoing insertion, cleared our conscience of an offence unwittingly committed, we cannot part from our friend and correspondent Tom Tucker, whose very name is hilarious at this festive season, without availing ourselves of some more of the contents of his little book, which we may respect as a literary curiosity, there being but twenty copies printed. Tom Hood is decidedly a plagiarist—the following song was written by T. T. in February last!

Song.

There was a man, named Daniel Dabb,
(A hapless man was he,) who
Who sometime lived at a sea-port,
But it was not Portree.
He dealt in fish and mended shoes,
But could not make it do.
Although he sometimes sold a fish,
And sometimes sold a shoe.
So of a quack he learned to bleed,
And draw teeth with precision,
And as he knew the healing art,
He set up as physician.
He took a cellar, which you know
Is always under ground,
And sometimes had a pair of shoes,
And sometimes had a wound.

'By fish and shoes and drugs,' said he,
'I hope I shall rise higher,
For by a *colier* I can't live,
Unless I have a *buger*.
On wealth I've staked my *all* and *last*,
And trust that I shall win it,
For if a *tray* of trades won't win,
I think the *deuce* is in it.'
But people would not have teeth drawn,
Because it gave them pain;
And bleeding, when folks will not bleed,
You know is all in vain.
One day, when at his cellar-head,
He sat with doleful face,
A servant maid came up to him,
And asked him for a *plais*.
He'd herrings *shotten*, though not *shot*,
That shone like any gem,
And though he'd placed them all in *roses*,
Root had no place in them.
Says Sue, 'they are all skin and scales,
And full of bones within';
Says he, 'I've *muscle* without bones,
And very little skin.'

Says Sue, 'they're poison, though I own
That I for some with soy long;
And as for poison I've heard say,
The French call all fish *poison*.
But I should like a little fish.'
Says Dan, 'I've no white-bait;
And as the eels are *slippery things*,
You'd better take a *skate*.'

'Oh no! a place I want,' says Sue:
Says Dan, 'this is the case,
Because I was not out in time,
You see I'm out of place.'
Indeed, says Sue: 'why so am I,
My mistress wants one stronger;
And though she says I am too short,
She does not want me longer.'

'If that's the case, dear Sue,' says Dan,
'Why something must be done;
So as we two are out of place,
Why let us two make one.
To mend folk's shoes, and serve them fish,
Some want of help feel;
So while I drive nails in their toes,
Why you can skin your eels.'

'Oh, no,' says Sue, 'that will not do;
I'll find some other work;
For since you are a *musel-nash*,
You'd use me like a *Turk*.
So off she ran, and left poor Dan
A disappointed elf;
And when he'd cried fish all that day,
At night he cried himself.

Next morn on a large nail he hung,
And hung till he was pale;
For though death took him off the hook,
He could not get off the nail.
And when they bore him to the grave,
Sue wrung her hands and cried;
And some one rung his knell, although
It was for Sue he sighed.

Feb. 1836.

But the "*Crack*" do not deal in humorous productions alone: here is a piece of pretty pathos by E. B.

"Address, &c.

With stealthy pace, another year
Of mingled joys and sighs—
Of heart-felt passions, silent woes,
And high-wrought ecstasies—
Hath done its doom: hath passed away
Into eternity!

And leaves to man a shadowy dream,
Softened by memory.
The world hath seen, this by-gone year,
The efforts of the Mind
Burst tyrant Superstition's chain,
And disenthral mankind:
Our sister Isle, unfettered thought
At length is free to boast;
And Freedom's lo Peans sound
Through Greece, from coast to coast.

Let other bards in loftier rhymes
These themes of pride rehearse;
Be mine to sing of homelier joys,
In this, my humbler verse.
For we have joys of matchless worth,
To cheer our bosoms here,
Where friendly faces smiling meet,
An annual feast to share:—
The thought, that o'er our little band
Of intellectual friends,
The tyrant Death hath had no power,
A glow of feeling sends:
The hope, that many a circling year
May view our meetings yet,
In unrestrained and social mirth
As we so long have met.

We now enter the interior, and get into the

pith of the wood, as it were, of which the Club is formed.

"To the Chairmen of the Crack."

Sirs,—I hope Angelina will not find fault with the imperfection of some of the following rhymes, as, though birds are said to have a particular disposition to pair on this day, I do not find it to be at all the case with words, and have had considerable difficulty in coupling them. I remain, yours truly,

CLEMENTINA.

Feb. 14, 1836.

A maiden, I a swain do lack:—
May I seek him at the Crack?—
All I wish is present there;
Yet many do the virtues share
Which I would in one combine
Ere I choose a Valentine.

Tucker's knowledge and good sense,
Evans's true eloquence,
Brookes's wit and Begg's good nature,
Just a spice of Ramsay's satire,
White's honest warmth that scorns concealing;
Tomlinson, thy kindly feeling;
These together must combine
Ere I choose a Valentine.

Walker's frankness, Sweeting's mildness,
Part of Brewster's sprightly wildness,
Findlay's steady joviality,
Marshall's love of regularity,
Ireland's glow for virtue's sweetness,
Davis's good taste and neatness;
When in one these all combine,
He shall be my Valentine.

From this we gather, not only who are the leading characters of *The Crack*, but also that they are not like the selfish male asses of greater clubs, exclusive of the sweet society of females. On the contrary, ladies are admitted, and form a distinguished portion of *The Crack*. Which of the gentlemen whose names are embalm in our last quotation beginning with great B. i. e. whether witty Brookes, goodnatured Begg, or sprightly Brewster, is the author of the Address, it is impossible for us to determine; leaving the interesting inquiry, therefore, to the ingenuity of our readers, or perhaps, if they are very anxious, they may satisfy their curiosity by applying to the eloquent Mr. Evans (the worthy "Boke" auctioneer of Pall Mall, we guess by the appellation), we now close our earliest, but we trust not our last acquaintance with *The Crack*, by one quotation more.

"Sonnet.

As when a spark mid rotten straw does fall,
At first it smoulders unperceived, and then
A few faint wreaths of smoke will issue when
The soft wind stirs the mass:—at length o'er all
Around the vapour hangs—a cloudy pall—
Stinking and blackening, wanting power to blaze
But strong to smother or obscure: the haze
Distorting every object, great or small.
But soon the half-corrupted heap's consumed,
The breezes fan the air, the ashes fly:
No mark is left of all that lately gloom'd,
Except the site remaining char'd and dry.
So envy in vain bosoms smoulders—fumes—
Blackens—distorts—itsself then, impotent, consumes."

DRAMA.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

Covent Garden.—Dec. 21. Power whose talent as an improvisatore is so well known, and who, if a piece once hit, may be almost said to re-write his own part, now seems to have infested the whole company with a like mania. In the last scene of the *Irish Ambassador*, on the evening of the above date, Miss Taylor, soon after the final entrance of Diddear, the *Grand Duke*, took occasion to address Power, emphatically, with the words, "Oh, infatuated individual!" and Ellen Tree, Abbot, and Bartley (as must have been concerted to puzzle our hero), each repeated in turn, after each other, the same words—"Oh, infatuated individual!" but in such an actor-like style, that the whole *dramatis personae*, with the exception of Power, indulged in what Blackwood calls a "guffaw," at their own wit, or lack of it. But Power, who of course was not to be foiled with his own weapon, suddenly turned short round upon

Diddear, and wound up with the following remarkably pointed impromptu: "And what is it your highness is giggling at, I'd like to know?—and I suppose it's that same young lady at your elbow (Ellen Tree) is slyly tickling ye!—and you (to Bartley) stand giggling there as if you thought you had been saying something remarkably witty, and didn't know of it yourself." Of the last point of this sally I cannot attempt an explanation; but it must be a brilliant climax, as the audience laughed as they would, or should, at the best wit of the best dramatic humorists.

Olympic.—Dec. 26. First night of *Olympic Devils*. The whole scene of the bacchanalian orgies, ending with the tearing piece-meal of *Orpheus*, and the floating of his head down the Hebrus, was so beautifully managed as almost to amount to a charming illusion, from which, however, I was most roughly awakened by the following incident:—The floating of the bard's head was managed in the same manner as the swimming of the wolves in *Maseppa*, at Astley's, appearing through an aperture in the supposed water, which is gradually drawn across the stage. On the occasion alluded to, the water was pulled along in so irregular a manner as to excite not only confusion, but alarm among the actors and the audience; and amid cries of, "Take care! Here! There! Faster! Slower! Tighter! Looser! Pull! Leave go!" &c. &c. a voice exclaimed, "Damn it! you'll strangle her!" Where now was the illusion? What! methought— is *Orpheus* then a woman? Could that *dissever* head be strangled if there remained not yet a body to it?—and who are the bungling river deities, so careful, so profane!

Covent Garden.—Dec. 28. I was surprised on entering the theatre, to find the curtain slit up the middle to the height of six or seven feet, and peered behind with green baize, strongly contrasting with the alternate horizontal of light brown and dark white (an ensemble long called, par complaisance, *green*) of the original. The too original! What was my astonishment—mixed, I must confess, with mirth—to observe, when the curtain rose, folding itself in the usual manner, that this novel appendage was detached, except at its upper end; so that it necessarily, as the curtain rose, remained dangling at the bottom of it, and continued in sight when the curtain had vanished, presenting a most original and absurd appearance. In like manner, at the close of the play, this ill-looking clout was the herald or advent of the curtain, and preceded it till the bottom of the curtain touched the stage. I could not conceive what was intended by this most remarkable contrivance till its fourth appearance at the end of the pantomime, — when, lo, it proved that the slit was for the accommodation of Herr Cline's rope-dancing machinery, which extends even into the orchestra! Surely this most unusual dissight will not continue to amuse, annoy, or puzzle the public, at the commencement and close of every tragedy and comedy during the run of the pantomime, for so trivial a cause; for who, of the few that remain, sees or cares how the curtain falls at the end of a pantomime?

Mr. Ellar, after having been pulling the strings out of his dress from the moment of the fairy's appearance till that when she bid him change, at last, after presenting for some time a heterogeneous ensemble of legs and arms, rushed off the stage in the character of *Harlequin*, with the character of *Prince Lylyweyn* dangling and kicking at his heels! I do not relate this occurrence because it is unusual,

but because it is strange that it should occur to so practised a mime.

Adelphi.—Dec. 29. *The Wreck Ashore*. "The East Gate in Regent's Park" suddenly descended in Chatham marshes, instead of the wonted dreary landscape! As this scene pertained to the pantomime, it was, I suppose, perfectly in character for it to be anon rapidly withdrawn, and discover the more appropriate one, even though the change was effected in the midst of the pirate's glee. The audience were, however, exceeding wroth, as well as the unusual sight of a scene changing when the stage was covered with characters, as at the long delay which preceded the fall of "the East Gate," ruining, as it did, the effect of Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Fitzwilliams' acting, after having shot *Grampus* through the door. To fill up the pause, both ladies changed the attitude in which they had fainted.]

VARIETIES.

Saynètes.—A word lately introduced into the French language, intended to describe dramatic compositions which are incapable of being performed.

Vulgarity.—A member of the Chamber of Deputies lately declared from the tribune, that if facilities were afforded for rendering Paris an *entrepôt* of commerce, the capital of France would become a *vulgar* town, like London, or Amsterdam!

The Melodists' Club, we perceive by their secretary's announcement, recommence their harmonious meetings this month. Lords Bristol, Devonshire, Charleville, Saltown, and Garvagh, appear as vice-presidents, to support H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex as president; while the musical phalanx boasts of Braham, Sinclair, De Bognis, Curioni, Bedford, Stansbury, Blewett, Bellamy, Terrall, Leeti, Hawes, Horn, Parry, Torri, and other eminent vocalists, as well as distinguished composers and amateurs. The number is limited to a hundred; and we hear that both the dinners and the after are vastly pleasant.

Fossil Forest discovered near Rome.—In the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* for this month, conducted by Professor Jameson, there is a notice of an interesting discovery which has been made by a pedestrian tourist (Dr. Weatherhead, we believe), namely, that of a fossil under-ground forest, above forty feet in thickness, and extending for several miles along the banks of the Tiber, close to Rome. The petrific matter is a calc-sinter; and, from the layers of ligneous debris being freely intermixed with volcanic dust, the discoverer of this interesting circumstance thinks there can be little doubt but that this colossal phenomenon was occasioned by an earthquake, of which the memory is lost—probably long prior to the foundation of Rome. It is singular that so curious a fact should have escaped observation for so many ages.

Press in India.—A parliamentary paper has been published, containing the number of the periodical publications and printing-presses under the license or sanction of the British government at the several presidencies:—Bengal: European publications in 1814, 1; 1820, 5; and 1830, 31: Native publications in 1814, not any; 1820, not any; 1830, 8. Fort St. George, —European, 1814, 5; 1820, 8; 1830, 8: Native, not any. Bombay, —European, 1814, 4; 1820, 4; 1830, 12: Native, 1814, not any; 1820, 2; 1830, 4. Bengal, —European printing-presses, 1830, 5: Native printing-presses, 1830, 1. Fort St. George, —Eu-

ropean, 1830, 2: Native, not any. Bombay, —European, 1830, 6; Native, 2.—*Times*. It is a curious fact to add, that though we believe there is not out of London a daily newspaper, even in the most populous of our cities, no fewer than five are published every day in Calcutta.—*Ed. L. G.*

The Gigantic Book.—We translate the following paragraph from *Le Globe*, of the 19th ult. "The largest book that ever went to press will appear next year in London. It will be entitled, 'The Pantheon of English Heroes.' Every page will be twenty-four feet high, by twelve broad; and the letters will be half a foot long. It has been necessary to construct a machine expressly for the fabrication of the paper. This gigantic work will be printed by means of a steam-engine; and instead of black ink, gold varnish will be used. Only a hundred copies will be struck off; intended as the ornaments of the principal English libraries!!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. 1, Jan. 7, 1832.]

An Account of the Beulah Saline Spa, at Norwood, by Dr. Weatherhead.

Living Poets and Poetesses, a Critical and Satirical Poem, in Three Parts.

Selections from the Prose Works of Robert Southey, chiefly for the use of Schools and Young Persons, are announced; to consist of Extracts from his History of Brazil, Life of Nelson, Esprelli's Letters, Book of the Church, &c. &c.

The two concluding volumes of the Tour of a German Prince, with a Portrait; containing, *inter alia*, his Observations on the Society and Manners of the Metropolis, &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. VII. Joseph Andrews, fcp. 5s. cloth.—Hansard's Debates, Third Series, Vol. V. 2d Vol. of the Session of 1831, royal 8vo. 12. 10s. bds.; 12. 13s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Mrs. Holland's Elizabeth and Beggar-Boys, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—The Producing-Man's Companion, 18mo. 1s. cloth; 1s. 3d. cloth.—Parson's Horn-Book, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Stories of Travels in Turkey, 12mo. 5s. hf.-bd.—Martin's Mensuration, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—The Republic of Letters, a Selection in Poetry and Prose, Vol. I. 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Nights of the Hound Table, First Series, royal 18mo. 5s. cloth.—A Companion to the Endless Amusements, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—The New Sphinx, 18mo. 1s. 6d. sewed.—The Hive, 18mo. 3s. hf.-bd.; 5s. morocco.—Stories from Natural History, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Dublin delineated, in Twenty-six Views of the principal Public Buildings, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Legends and Stories of Ireland, by Samuel Lover, 12mo. 2d edit. 6s. boards.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1832.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 29	From 32. to 43.	30.17 to 30.12
Friday .. 30	— 25. — 41.	30.20 to 30.34
Saturday .. 31	— 22. — 37.	30.30 — 30.16
January 1832.		
Sunday .. 1	— 20. — 33.	30.16 — 30.12
Monday .. 2	— 21. — 37.	29.92 — 29.80
Tuesday .. 3	— 27. — 32.	29.76 Stationary
Wednesday 4	— 16. — 32.	29.68 — 29.61

Wind variable, N.W. and S.W. prevailing.

Except the 29th, 3d, and 4th, generally clear; very foggy during the 4th and evening of the 3d.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Time's Telescope! our excellent annual friend, useful in information and superlative in astronomical science,—we are vexed at having accidentally omitted our respects to thee. Be assured we will detail thy great merits more at large in our next.

The extraordinary suppressed book on the Political Intrigues of the French Prince, is under consideration. It is too dangerous ground to be trodden without.

We ought to apologise to Mr. Lowndes for not much earlier doing justice to his useful Bibliographer's Manual, which richly merits compliments, encouragement, and every assistance from literary men. Books published in Nov. are apt to distract us a little, in the midst of incessant employment; and we are sorry to confess, that sometimes the very intrinsic worth of publications causes them to suffer from neglect. We need time to examine them thoroughly; and that we may be correct, we procrastinate too long.

We have a very kindly feeling towards all the offerings of our Transatlantic literary brethren; but we cannot say much in praise of the Pleasures of Friendship, a volume of poems recently received from Philadelphia; though we observe that it has reached a "fifth American edition."

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

Panorama of Madras.

MESSEURS. V. DANIELL and PARRIS
respectfully inform the Public, that their Panoramic View of Madras will continue open for about a Month longer, when it will be removed from its present situation.

ACADEMIE FRANCAISE, Greenwich.
Madame Martin begs to announce, there will be Vacancies in her Establishment after the Holidays. From the whole of her household being French, she presumes there are few such opportunities in this country of acquiring a complete knowledge of the Language; which, with the instruction she imparts to her Pupils in all sorts of French Fancy and Needle-work, she trusts will be more satisfactory to most Parents than sending at present their Children abroad. The best Masters attend to give instruction in the other branches of an accomplished education. For references, &c. applications (post paid) may be made to Mr. Morrison, Bookseller and Stationer, 55, Fenchurch Street, London.

A LADY, the Widow of a Physician,
intending to reside in Bath, would be happy to receive into her Family Three Young Ladies, whose education might require the assistance of Masters, and the superintending care of a Mother and a Gentlewoman; who having moved in good society herself, would be happy to devote her time and talents to the finishing of their education.
Undeniable references may be required and given on application by letters, post paid, addressed to Mrs. H. Mr. Winch's, Post Office, Camberwell.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
New Burlington Street, Jan. 1832.

At the recommencement of the publishing season, we seize the opportunity presented of addressing our readers. In this momentous and critical period, it is well for all men appearing before the public, either in literature or in politics, to be fully understood by their tribunal.

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